



**Welcome to the Blues
Kyle Loach Luckman**

A BIRMINGHAM CITY FANZINE

ISSUE
167

Premiership
BLUES
v
THE VILE

£1

THE BLUENOSE BIBLE



We must also remember that we are the club that bears the city's name and having a 'City of Birmingham Stadium' would bring great pride to all the people of Birmingham, regardless of their supporting preferences. The project is dependent on Birmingham winning a Regional Casino License (one of eight that the government are proposing) and then the City Of Birmingham Stadium winning that license over others that will be put forward to the City Councillors to select from. The location earmarked, on Wheels Park, is only a few streets away from our current stadium.

This 50 acre site would become a sporting village; featuring not only the stadium but also many other sporting venues, bars and specialist retail outlets.

Also, having these extra seats will enable the club to have a varied pricing structure to allow all supporters with wide-ranging budgets access to Premier League football.

We would love to encourage our local community and our local kids, who are perhaps currently priced out of football, the chance to watch every week at subsidised prices.

This is a once in a lifetime opportunity for the City of Birmingham and Birmingham City FC to give something back to the local community. It's also the last part of Eastside that requires development, alongside this the jobs it creates means that all round it's great for us all.

Your support for this exciting project will be vital. The club programme and website will soon be giving information about how you can be involved in the future of the club and this marvellous opportunity for Birmingham.

DAVID SULLIVAN

Now for the important business

Forget what that silly cow Karren Brady says about the Blues Vile game being less important than the Arsenal Chelsea or the Liverpool Everton Derbies, this IS the one that really matters. This is the one that makes up for getting stuffed by first Barnsley and then Preston in the play-off semi final. It also makes up for those mid-week games up at Grimsby etc.

But, a word of warning to Brucie and the players, another first half performance like that at the Hawthorns against the Yam Yams and you will witness a mass exodus at half time and we will never forgive you

Now beam me up Scottie

Dave Small

You Stupid Cow!

The Sun newspaper carried an article on Saturday February 19 by the self professed Guru of all things football Karren Brady. In it she derides UEFA, PFA Chief Gordon Taylor and what she described as noisy ex footballers. Their crime? Attempting to protect the future of English football and in particular our national team.

Brady doesn't go along with the idea of limiting the number of foreign players a side can put out. She gives her main reason as money! By boasting that the English league is the richest in Europe, and that is why we attract all these foreigners.

How short sighted, and how fucking thick can you get. You only have to look over Hadrians Wall to see what a fucking mess Scottish football has got itself into by adopting the foreign is best attitude.

Apart from the bleedin obvious Celtic and Rangers, the remainder of the clubs are playing to almost empty grounds. Plus, due to the influx of fucking foreigners Celtic's taunt to rivals Rangers is, You've got more Catholic's than us.

One more thing the Bitch from Essex might like to know about Scottish football. Manchester United, the club she admires, no longer has a talent scout in Scotland. Why, because the Jocks have had the progress spiked by below average foreign players looking for a quick buck. Most young men over the border have dropped football and prefer to play with their computers or themselves.

Brady also defended Arsene Wenger in putting out a squad of 16 players for Arsenal's game with Crystal Palace with not an Englishman among them, by quoting a Premier League rule which states that we all have to field the best we have on our staff for every match. That's's fair on all the other teams and the fans. Wake up Brady! Wenger often puts out a weakened side in both FA & League Cup matches, and just a few days after the Palace game the Frog put a very much reserve team to play Sheffield United in the FA Cup, and were lucky to get a draw how fair to the fans was that?

So what is it about fucking foreigners that turn her on? Could it be she married a Canadian of Wop extraction? Or is it because her Dad is a Duck-Egg

Me thinks she should stick to what she is best at. Shafting football fans! After all she is a bloody woman, and an Essex one at that!

Beam me up Scottie

Dave Small

THE SPANISH CONNECTION

DIRECT FROM MORAIRA

What we have been forced to witness during the last few weeks is the face of unacceptable behavior from two of the most overrated sports stars ever to grace our stadiums, I use the word sports stars because the use of the word "Footballers" would be an insult to great names that have graced the English game, notably the late Duncan Edwards & Bobby Moore also Tom Finney, as the culprits concerned originate from Wales I name two greats from there, the late John Charles & Ivor Allchurch.

The overrated twosome Robbie Savage & Craig Bellamy have now gained the support and sympathy at the 11th hour by non-other than the Chief Executive of the Professional Footballers Assc, notably Gordon Taylor, who had he done his job properly in the first place we would never have heard the word "Football Agents".

Whatever he can contribute to the situation God only knows, for what we have here are two sportsmen who are as dim as a 40watt bulb in the Albert Hall. Savage who earns in the region of of 25,000 pounds per week and in a language that he should understand, is more than a coal miner earns in a year, and that same miner assuming that that he has two lads would have to stump up a minimum of 100 pounds of that to watch his home team play. A few months ago there was talk about Robbie going to Everton during the window season, as he said at the time, "it would be a dream I have supported them all my life" obviously the agents postering fell on deaf ears because David Moyes didn't take the bate. This brought about a series of meetings to set up a new and improved deal with the Blues, but before that was finalized a waiting period took place, presumably to see if there were any other offers in the pipeline. All clear on the western front, family in good health, settled in beautiful area, Stratford-on-Avon, fly on the wall series on T.V. Everything honky dory, so, 4 1/2 year contract drawn up, hand shakes allround, contract signed and put to bed.

With everything rosy in the garden, tradgedy strikes, an illness called "Agentitus" hits the family, it usually takes hold following excessive use of the phone, suddenly our long haired lout is caught

between a rock and a hard piece, because the first member of the healthy family affected is Mrs. Savage, and to help her cope with the situation she needs her 30 year old son close at hand, Blackburn would be closer, that was before they had consulted the map, but Robbie obviously unaware discovers that after looking at the map that in fact Blackburn is further away, quicker than the time it takes an agent to get to a bank, he declares,

"but don't forget I live in Stratford-on-Avon" why was he forced to live there? This whole sad affair is best summed up in an article written by a Fleet Street sage.

"Robbie Savage says that he will find it hard to forgive Birmingham for their failed attempt to hold him to the 4 year contract he signed just six months ago, instead of meekly allowing him to join his old chum, Mark Hughes at Blackburn. And you can see his point. After all. if Alex,Arsene and the people at the summit of English football routinely ignore the rules that displeases them, then why should we expect better from an overhyped,under-talented, one-dimensional scuffler like Robbie Savage?"

That I think sums up the whole sad affair.

This brings us to the charmless Craig Bellamy, blest with the brains of a rocking horse and earning a reputed 40,000 pounds per week, he also comes from the land "Where men are men, and sheep are nervous"

He has a history of making headlines for the wrong reasons, he was cautioned by the police in 2002 for a common assault on a 21 year old woman and the following year in March 2003 was fined 750 pounds for being drunk and disorderly, earlier that evening on being warned by fellow drinkers in a bar in Cardiff he said "You had better watch out,I'm with Joe Calzaghe" Bravery personified!! His use of the English language is also quite impressive, in the exclusive interview he gave on Sky last night,he said, "Not only has Souness gone behind my back,in front of my face,he's lying"

He first came to notice at Coventry,after they had paid a surprisingly high transfer fee for him,they quickly became aware of an attitude problem and at the first opportunity dispatched him to

Newcastle, shouldering a 500,000 pound loss to get rid of him. He is obviously concerned of his mothers reaction to his escapades, when he told of the dread of seeing her following another incident that had gained publicity for him in Newcastle some days before, so you must wonder why this attitude problem wasn't stamped out at an early stage in his life. The words, Stick and Arse jump out at you.

He played more than a bit part in the dismissal of lovable Bobby Robson, and rumour had it at the time that following the departure of Bobby, he returned to his new Ferrari after training to find that someone had filled it with rotten stinking fish, he has now set his sights on Graeme Souness, the sad part of this whole affair is that it can only be dealt with at boardroom level, and apart from the Chairman Freddy "Flapper" Shepperd the other director is Douglas Hall, did someone mention, Marbella brothels, and night clubs,?

I leave you to ponder on a statement made some weeks ago by the Charlton goalkeeper, Dean Kiely, who said, "You've got both ends of the spectrum at Newcastle. On the one hand theres Alan Shearer, who is an ambassador for the game, on the other hand you have Craig Bellamy.

Since this article was composed a wind of change has taken place and an offer of some 6 million pounds has apparently has been offered to Newcastle for the services of Craig Bellamy, I hope that this was a publicity stunt to show the Blues faithful that a real effort is being made when a top player becomes available, obviously not a lot of thought has gone into this decision which if it is true could have a disasterous effect on the morale on the playing staff at St Andrews, at Norwich, at Coventry and now at Newcastle this idiot has caused more trouble than he is worth, this pratt is a football pariah for gods sake get your brains in gear, before we know where we are we will be opening talks with Stan Collymore, we have rid ourselves of one of the biggest trouble makers in the game, now let us be positive and build a real team spirit, get that and you are 50% there.



JUST IMAGINE

Think back to that first fateful day that you wandered into St Andrews.....it may have been with your Dad (and you've never forgiven him), or perhaps with a bunch of mates after a few under-age pints in the Garrison. The smell of hot dogs, the sound of the crowd, getting a programme and taking your place and waiting for the Blue Machine to take to the pitch.

But what if that had never happened, what if you were one of those people for whom football is something that happens to other people. A frightening thought I know, but how would you be different, would you be a better person and more importantly would your alcohol consumption have increased or decreased????

FITNESS LEVELS - spending 12 hours drinking sat in a smoke filled, dirty dingy room full of equally unhealthy individuals is not most conducive to a healthy lifestyle, add in the pie / hot dog / cheese burger factor and the surgeons at the local heart unit and chalking your name up on the admissions board in anticipation. But all is not lost, your love of the Blues will undoubtedly lead you to engage in playing football until well into your fifties to an ever decreasing standard, and never discount the cardio-vascular benefits of running to make kick off / catch the last train home / away from people trying to rip your head off (or should that be towards them! ! !), lets call this one a draw!

FINANCES - now we are on sticky ground, even I would be hard pushed to put up an argument that following the Blues actually saves me money, especially when recently returning from London some £120 lighter of the pocket (she just wouldn't stop dancing though, no matter how much money I kept tucking in her g-string). I have never even attempted to tot up how much I have spent over the years, and to be honest wouldn't want to know, it is the one area where I am glad that we have managed to gloriously avoid European football in my lifetime (Anglo-Italian doesn't count, especially as I was still at school). So that is 1-0 to the non-football.

SEX APPEAL - what woman wouldn't be made weak at the knees at the sight of the 19.45 back from Manchester Piccadilly with the ranks of the Blues away support giving it the traditional home coming chant of "Blues go down, Blues go down, Blues go down together....." Again a tough one to call, and depends what sort of woman you wish to attract. If you are looking at bagging some young filly from Henley in Arden to spend meaningful nights with down the Rep Theatre you are probably on a sticky wicket, if you are after a quick knee trembler round the back of the Man on the Moon you could well be onto a winner.....therefore another honourable draw.

GENERAL KNOWLEDGE - now this must be a point to having a life of football - and Public Houses you develop almost sixth sense knowledge of when to buy a train ticket and when to risk it. It may not win you a pot to piss in on Mastermind but I think that you will find that such knowledge is a lot more useful out in the big bad world. It may not impress the missus all the time but when you are stuck in a traffic jam on the M6 and you can jump off at the nearest junction and know all the short cuts as well as the best pub to pick up two steaks for a fiver she will be looking longingly into your eyes and telling herself that you really are "the man". An equaliser for football.

EMOTION - without football what would you be - a man with no emotion, a rock, someone who wouldn't flinch at Blackfriar's Bobby, a man's man. But with football you are a sensitive type, a man who feels every win, loss or draw, a man in touch with his sensitive side who knows the pits of despondency and the peaks of joy. Lets face it when was the last time you cried.....go on admit tit - it was at Cardiff (although I just had something in my eye), it's a beautiful game, that releases beautiful emotions - 2-1 to football.

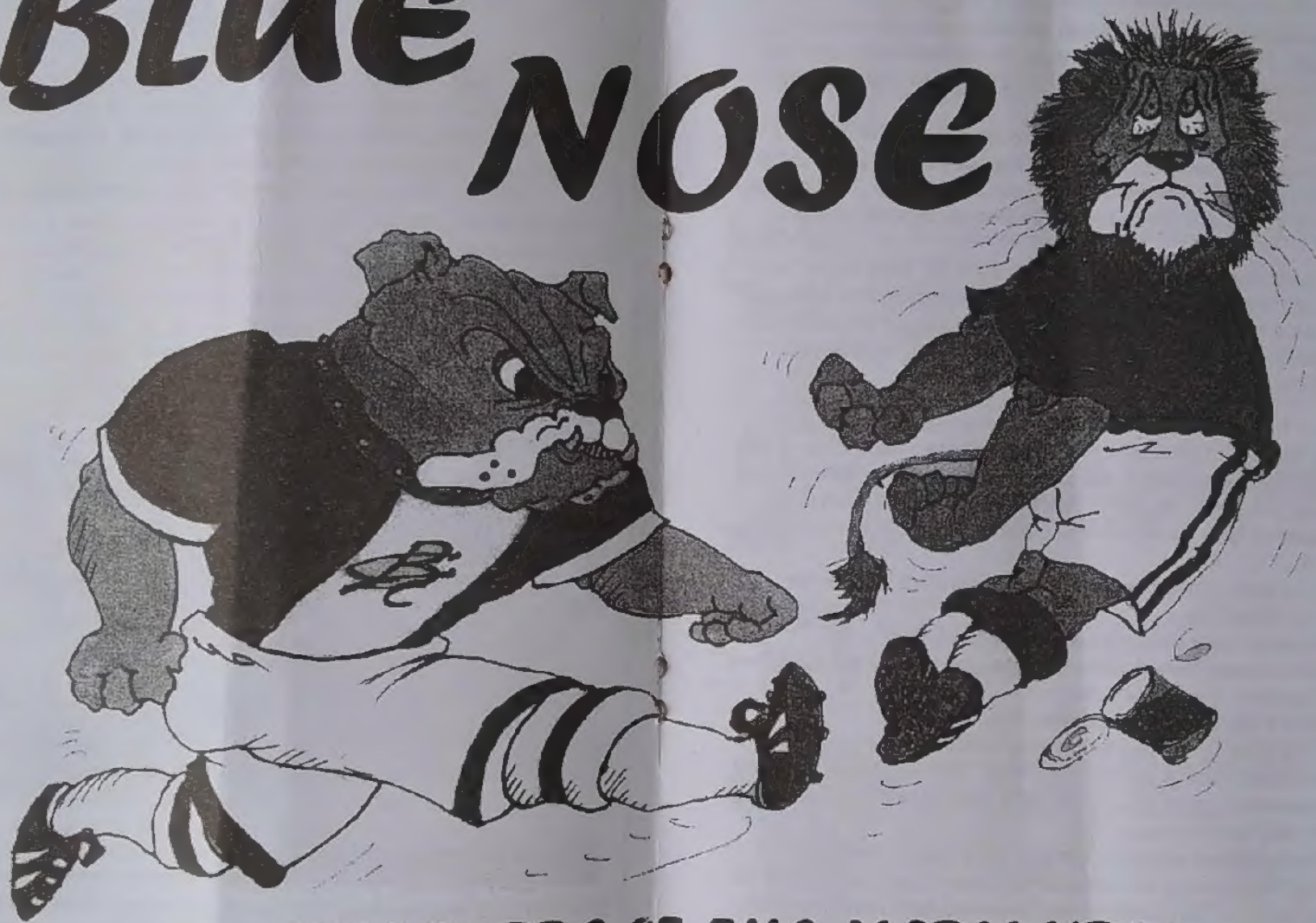
TOLERANCE - a funny one this - as on the one hand I have met people that I would have never come into contact with ordinarily.....but there is a dark-side. And that is that I can look at a map of the UK and give genuine reasons why I dislike people from every city in the country. Scousers, Mancs, Cockneys, you name 'em I can hand on heart say "I hate 'em", and more often that not it is due to some minor incident during an away game, such as "the beer was crap there" or "we couldn't find a parking space there" - sad but true, my entire regional viewpoint is based on football, and after 20 years of running round the country I can't stand most people.....so it is a sorrowful equaliser for non-football.

THE DECIDER - well, you can see that it is a thin line as to whether I would be better off with football or without.....but the crunch one is - without football I would be completely apathetic about the Vile But with football I f***in hate the claret and blue bastards and that my friends can only ever be a good thing! ! ! ! ! ! !

So there you are football good, no football bad, it's official, so don't look bad wondering what might have been - look forward relishing what will be -
FOOTBALL - IT'S FUCKIN GREAT! ! ! ! ! !

Kings Norton "Football - It's Not Shit" Boys

BLUE NOSE



THE PRIDE OF THE MIDLANDS!

bollocks...it's Ranting Gordon

If You Hate Robbie Savage

It just gets better and better (or worse and worse), dependant upon which way you look at it!

Savage's acrimonious departure from the Blues to Blackburn was littered with half truths, speculation and bad feeling. For all the bullshit, I love this club etc That he came out with, he still stuck two fingers up at the loyal following that he had.

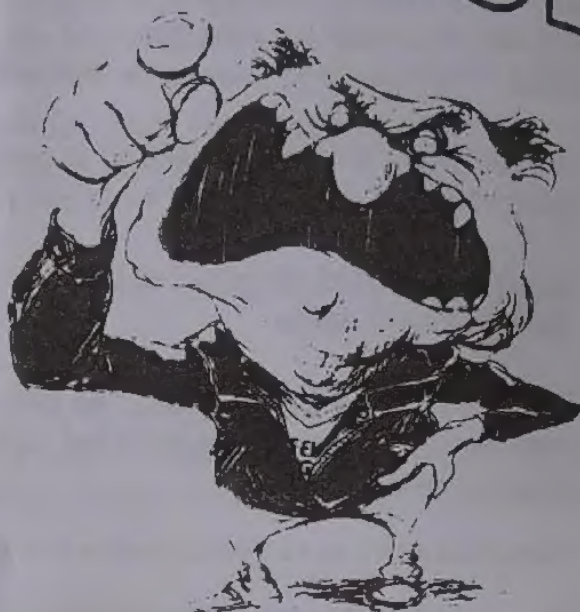
For all the adulation, hero worship and pedestal mounting that was bestowed on him, he still gave the old five finger shuffle and fucked off to Ewood Park. He almost went as far on Sky as to say He didn't give a shite about the Blues or it's fans

I wrote to him some 4/5 weeks ago, saying basically that he must have known the fans adored him etc, and asked him if he would like to put pen to paper and put his side of the story to the loyal fans. Did he write back? Did he bollocks! I'm going to write again, but a lot differently this time

So all the above leads me to the conclusion that he is a self opinionated, jumped up arse wipe!

Now, I can almost envisage him relishing Blackburn's visit to St Andrews (providing he ain't injured, or has manufactured a suspension.

He will thrive on the hatred from the crowd, he will suck in the taunts, the boo's, the venom of the crowds hatred



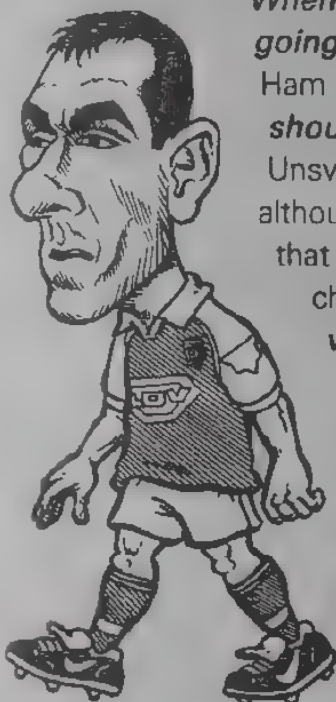
I say, don't. Don't give him what he wants. Lets make an effort to do a Peterson on him, The South African cricket crowd, to a man, turned their back on Peterson, because the South African turned his back on his country and played for England. Savage has turned his back on those that adored him, fans like you and me, who paid him good money. Savage turned his back on us, like the Judas he is, lets turn our backs on him, everyone, to a man. Forget the taunts and boo's, save our energies for the la

Savage.....Who???

Good idea Gordon, but it will never work. Savage is going to get a welcome that will make Rooney's return to Goodison Park with Manure United sound like a welcome home party! Ed.

Gregory and Unsworth

It was the news no-one could believe when they heard it on the radio, least of all his manager. *'His missus clearly wears the trousers in his house. The poor lad was under the impression that Birmingham was on the outskirts of Bolton. It took him an hour and a half to get home and he found his dinner in the bin,'* said John Gregory, the Aston Villa manager, when asked why he thought David Unsworth asked to leave the club within a week of signing from West Ham in 1998.



'When I was a player, it was a case of "pack the china, love, I'm going to a new club",' continued Gregory. Harry Redknapp, the West Ham manager said: *'I don't understand wives getting involved. They should concentrate on looking after the kids and the house.'*

Unsworth was persuaded to re-sign for a previous club of his, Everton, although the papers alleged it was because his wife wanted to stay in that part of the world. Unsworth was furious with Gregory for the cheap jibe he'd made about his wife saying: *'John Gregory was very hurt by what I had to say when I told him I was determined to leave, and the only way he could hurt me back was by saying those things about my wife. None of it was true and he was well out of order, but now I think I can understand his frustration and anger.'*

Gregory had paid £3m for Unsworth in order to replace Steve Staunton on the left back of a defensive three, but by the opening day of the season he was gone.

The posh villa

A wonderful play was written to record the moment for posterity under the banner *'Who Wear The Boots In This House?'* In scene One, Mrs Football Player hears from her husband, Mr Football Player, that they are moving.

Mr Football Player (excitedly): *It's done, luv, I've got me transfair*

Mrs Football Player: *Oh luv, are we going 'ome then?*

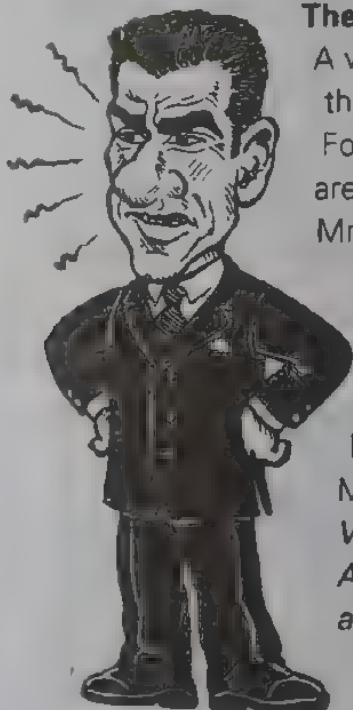
Mr FP: *Weeeelllll, not exactly luv, but it is closer to 'ome, and I think you're gonna luv it there.*

Mrs FP (not too sure): *Luv it where, luv?*

Mr FP (A note of caution in his voice): *Aston Villa.*

Mrs FP: *Aston Villa? Oo 'eck, that sounds lovely. (Tenderly) Aston Villa. Fair rolls off the tongue, dunt it, luv. Sounds dead posh, that, Aston Villa. (Puts her arms around Mr FP) It's not Liverpool, but it's all right if it gets us out of London. Just as long as it's not bloody Birmingham. (Laughs)*

Over her shoulder the audience can see Mr Football Player's face take on a stricken expression



YOUR SHOUT

Dear Dave

I have enclosed a photo of our yearly piss up from the "Kingshurst Labour Club" This year we did Torquay, last year the "Isle of White" which if you remember you printed it in the Liverpool game "

Take no notice of so many women in the Photo, believe me they're all "Geezer Birds"

Keep up the good work

J.P.Jenkins

Smithswood

*PS. Do you think coach Black is trying to kill off the players in training?
That's why we have so many injured before they even kick off*



You could just be right about the injuries, but we ain't doing to bad are we?
And right again, they are Geezer Birds. Are they all barmaids? Only joking!

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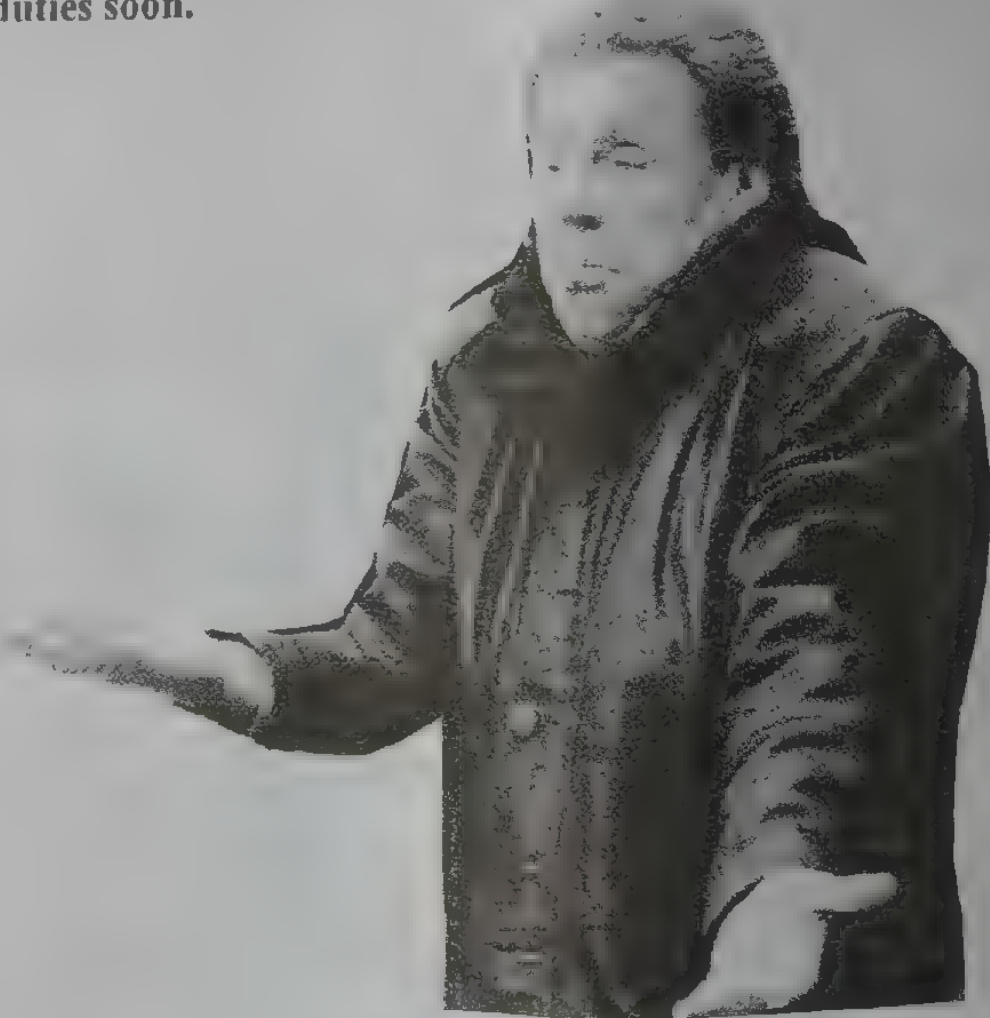
Gone Missing

Has anybody here seen WOLFY? W.O.L.F.Y, anybody here seen Wolfy? He's gone away. Following in the footsteps of Kelly, Wolfys done a runner. Bluenoses have missed their pre-match and half time entertainment from the man with the bag full of masks, and I have been flooded with e mails demanding to know where the fuck he is!

Therefore, in the best tradition of the Zulu we set out to find Wolfy, and we found him! Where? At St Andrews! When? On Saturday the 2nd of February. There he was for all to see in the Southampton dug out. He was their manager, picking up thousands while still signing on the dotted line and drawing unemployment benefits.

Wolfy tried to explain that the job was only part time and would get found out and sacked before the end of the season.

We promised not to inform the DHS and Wolfy promised to resume his duties soon.



Are you Wolfy in disguise?

Double Standards

- FACT: Michael Harper ran onto the pitch at St. Andrews and taunted the Villa goalkeeper Peter Enkelman by implying he was a wanker
- FACT: Until that moment of madness Michael Harper was in full time employment and of previous good character
- FACT: For his sins Michael Harper was given a 4 month custodial sentence.
- FACT: Michael Harper took his punishment like a man and is still much respected by all who know him
- FACT: David Gold denounced Michael Harper as a Yob
-
- FACT: Jermaine Pennant was in trouble on many occasions at his First club, Notts County
- FACT: Jermaine Pennant while on international duty with the England under 21 squad was sent home for breaking the Curfew.
- FACT: Jermaine Pennant while serving a drink driving ban took a Car without the consent of the owner, and while under the Influence of drink wrapped it round a lamppost
- FACT: Jermaine Pennant was given a 3 month custodial sentence and like the low life scum bag he is, is appealing
- FACT: David Gold, though only knowing Jermaine Pennant a matter of weeks offered to give him a good character Reference.

Conclusion: At worst Michael Harper was foolish. At best Jermaine Pennant is a toe-rag. And David Gold (minus a foreskin) remains a complete a prick

Beam me up Scottie
Dave Small

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More Jokes from our readers!

Our request for jokes off readers has been so successful we have had to put 4 more pages in this issue of the Zulu: Keep em coming

The old folks no sooner hit the pillows when the old man passes gas and Says, "Seven Points." His wife rolls over and says, "What in the world was that?" The old man replied, "It's fart football." A few minutes later his wife lets one go and says "Touchdown, tie score." After about five minutes the old man lets another one go and says, "Aha. I'm ahead 14 to 7." Not to be outdone the wife rips out another one and says, "Touchdown, tie score." Five seconds go by and she lets out a little squeaker and says, "Field goal, I lead 17 to 14." Now the pressures on the old man. He refuses to get beat by a woman, so he strains real hard. Since defeat is totally unacceptable, he gives it everything he's got, and accidentally poops in the bed. The wife says, "What the hell was that?" The old man says, "Half time, switch sides."

From: "Ben Fowler"



ZULU ARMY

The Zulu Army badge's have Been so popular they are almost sold out.

The remaining couple of dozen will be sold around St. Andrews by our regular fanzine sellers at only £1, so get in quick, once they're gone, they're gone



ST ANDREW'S TAVERN



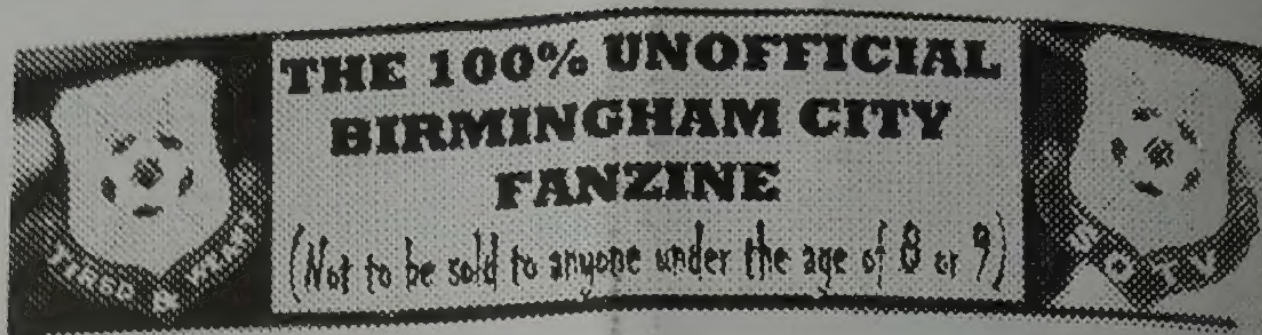
OPENING HOURS

We open most days from about 9 or 10am, sometimes as early as 8am and some days as late as 10 or 11am.

We close at about 10 or 11pm, occasionally at about 4 or 5pm, but sometimes as late as 11 or 12pm.

Sometimes we aren't here at all, but lately we've been here just about all the time -

**EXCEPT WHEN WE'RE
WATCHING THE BLUES!!**



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FOOD AVAILABLE FROM 8AM WHEN WE'RE ON A LONG DISTANT TRIP

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0121 773 7271 OR VISIT THE ST ANDREWS TAVERN*

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"TO THE END OF THE ROAD"*

*WHY TRAVEL BY CAR? WHEN YOU CAN ENJOY THE BENEFIT OF COACH
TRAVEL. ENJOY A PINT BEFORE YOU LEAVE BRUM, ANOTHER WHEN YOU
REACH YOUR DESTINATION, AND YET ANOTHER ON YOUR RETURN, ALL
WITHOUT THE FEAR OF NODDY GIVING YOU A BREATHALYSER. WITH
GOOD COMPANY A BONUS, AND IT WON'T COST YOU AN ARM AND A LEG*

BLUES AWAY TRAVEL! THE ONLY WAY TO GO